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# ON THE TIBUR ROAD

by

G. M. AND C. F. WHICHER

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## ON THE TIBUR ROAD





# ON THE TIBUR ROAD

A FRESHMAN'S HORACE

BY

GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

AND

GEORGE FRISBIE WHICHER

WITH A LETTER IN VERSE BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS  
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## PREFACE

A few of the following verses are reprinted from *Life*, *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Independent*, the *Amherst Literary Monthly*, and obscurer pages. An asterisk will tell inquiring friends which writer must bear the initial responsibility for each piece. That not all of them were written in the first college year, will be easily inferred; but the critically inclined who conclude that all might have been, will not quarrel with our subtitle. It is a Freshman idea, no doubt, to print the lightest echoes heard along the Tibur Road, especially when so many competent reporters have long ago found acceptance. But why attempt excuse or palliation?

The twittering sparrows build their nest  
Unawed in many an ancient fane.  
We strew our rubbish with the rest;  
Yet undefiled thy courts remain,  
Thanks to the serried years, the biting rain.  
O Master of the Lyric Strain,  
What Worst could dim thy shining Best!

G. M. W.

G. F. W.

*Alderhithe,*  
*Middle Haddam, Connecticut.*  
*September, 1911.*

## TO G. M. W. AND G. F. W.

A mule his meagre scrip can bear  
THE TIBUR ROAD.

### I

Whenas—(I love that “whenas” word—  
It shows I am a poet, too,)  
Q. Horace Flaccus gaily stirred  
The welkin with his tra-la-loo,  
He little thought one donkey’s back  
Would carry thus a double load—  
Father and son upon one jack,  
Galumphing down the Tibur Road.

### II

Old is the tale—Aesop’s, I think—  
Of that famed miller and his son  
Whose fortunes were so “on the blink”  
They had one donk, and only one;  
You know the tale—the critic’s squawk  
(As pater that poor ass bestrode)—  
“Selfish! To make thy fine son walk!”  
Perhaps *that* was on Tibur Road?

III

You will recall how dad got down  
And made the son the ass bestride:—  
The critics shouted with a frown:  
“Shame, boy! pray let thy father ride!”  
Up got the dad beside the son;  
The donkey staggered with the load  
“Poor donk! For shame!” cried every one  
That walked the (was it?) Tibur Road.

IV

You know the end! Upon their backs  
Daddy and son with much ado  
Boosted that most surprised of jacks,—  
He kicked, and off the bridge he flew;  
“He! haw!” A splash! A gurgling sound—  
A long, last watery abode—  
In Anio’s stream the donk was drowned—  
(If this occurred on Tibur Road.)

V

Let *Donkey* represent the *Odes*;  
The *Miller* represent *G. M.*;  
The *Son* stand for *G. F.*; the loads  
Of *Critics*—I will do for them.  
Now, then, this proposition made,  
(And my bum verses “Ah’d” and “Oh’d!”)  
What Q. E. D. can be displayed  
Anent this “On the Tibur Road”?

TO G. M. W. AND G. F. W.

VI

First, Horry's dead and he don't care,  
So cancel *him*, and let him snore;  
His Donkey has been raised in air  
So oft he's tough and calloused o'er;  
Our *Miller*—dusty-headed man—  
Follows the best donk-boosting code:  
Our *Son*—dispute it no one can—  
Sings gaily down the Tibur Road.

VII

This, then, must be this Critic's scream:—  
The *donk* was boosted well and high,  
And, ergo! falling in the stream,  
*Isn't* and *ain't* and *can't* be *dry*;  
Nor is your book. Which is to say  
It is no gloomy episode—  
You've made a dead donk sweetly bray,  
And joyful is the Tibur Road.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

To E. P. B.

Dear Ellis: We are quite resigned,  
Though no admiring public heeds us;  
One consolation still we find  
To soothe the heart and calm the mind:  
Just see how closely Ellis reads us!

Bandusian Fountain! Potent yet  
The waters from thy pool are gushing.  
For our parched lips we will not fret,  
If through our book one little jet  
May irrigate the farm in Flushing.

What though the printer's-binder's bills  
Do threaten us with ruination?  
Our smarting eyes one vision fills,  
One glorious hope our bosom thrills:  
This may be Ellis's salvation !!

O Dollars wasted on express!  
O Cold Cash spent for advertising!  
Your going does not cause distress;  
We part from you with bliss—no less—  
As long as His ideals are rising.



*TO E. P. B.*

O joy, to think that from our page  
He quaffs the undiluted Massic!  
That PIGS IS PIGS, while still the rage,  
Improves through each revolving age,  
And mounts by contact with the classic.

SUES SUNT SUES it will stand  
In its two-million-tenth edition.  
What though we perish from the land,  
Unboomed, uninterviewed, unscanned,  
We have achieved our last ambition.

What though we sink in Lethe-ooze  
And taste that wave of bitter savor?  
What higher fate could author choose  
Than to inspire the Butler Muse,  
And give her lines Horatian flavor.

Then heedless dust be our abode,  
Our names mis-spelled, ourselves mistaken!  
Let others reap where we have sowed,  
If we but boom on Tibur Road  
The Butler brand of Sabine bacon!

## CONTENTS

Ellis Parker Butler to G. M. W. and G. F. W.....	vi
To E. P. B.....	ix
To Our Best Third.....	1
Foreword .....	2
The Tibur Road .....	3
Sabine Hills .....	5
The Haunts of Horace.....	6
Of Wealth .....	7
Prospectus .....	10
Remembrance .....	11
To E. M.....	12
To A Headmistress.....	15
To Leuconœ.....	16
To Lalage .....	17
To Pyrrha .....	19
To Barine .....	20
To Lydia .....	22
To Chloe .....	24
To Lydia .....	26
To Lydia .....	27
Of Myrtale .....	29
To Lyce .....	31
Ballade of Horace's Loves.....	33
Relicta Parmula .....	37
On Friendship .....	38
An Invitation .....	40
The Aims of Human Kind.....	41
To Postumus .....	43
A Winter Party .....	45
A Proper Feast .....	47
Melpomene .....	49

## CONTENTS

"O Virgin Warder of the Mountain Pines" .....	51
Hymn for the Neptunalia.....	52
Hymn for Faunus' Day.....	54
Hymn to Diana and Apollo.....	55
Fontinalia .....	56
The Poet's Prayer .....	57
Horace's Diet .....	59
On a Disaster in Plaster.....	60
The Campaigner .....	61
The Death of Cleopatra.....	63
On Translating the Foregoing.....	64
Simplicity .....	65
My Sabine Farm .....	66
In Deep Water .....	67
To Chloe .....	68
De Consolatione .....	70
To Franklin P. Adams.....	75
Donarem Pateras .....	76
Vitas Hinnuleo .....	79
Vixi Puellis .....	80
Caelo Supinas .....	82
Scriberis Vario .....	84
Non Usitata .....	86
O Navis .....	88
Eheu Fugaces .....	90
Vitas Hinnuleo .....	92
In Memoriam .....	94
Epistle to Septimius .....	96
To Dellius .....	98
Epilogue .....	100
Index of Odes .....	101

TO OUR BEST THIRD

L. F. W.

*Had He seen you, a higher grace  
His curious art had striven to trace;  
More winning would the portrait stand  
Than Hypermnestra, faithless-grand,  
Or Phidyle, whom no years erase.*

*What tenderer lines would there find place,  
Had not the gods a Wife's embrace,  
A Mother's yearning, from him banned,—  
Had he seen you!*

*Had he but known your mild command,  
Your self-less love, he had not planned  
His Myrtale harsh, Barine base,  
Nor mocked at Lyce's once-loved face;  
What we two know, he'd understand,  
Had he seen you!*

## FOREWORD

When Horace wished to write an  
And happy thoughts were far to  
He'd take a turn on Tibur Road  
And lift a stanza from the Greel

The songs he sang with kindly cheer  
Have loosed our tongues, that else  
To give our friends and friends' friends  
A touch of our Horatian lute.

Eheu! the fleeting seasons pass,  
His lyre shall sound when ours  
So now to his enduring brass  
We fix our spot of verdigris.

## THE TIBUR ROAD

Not in the fashion of the great,  
A-horse with hampering retinue,  
The Poet reached his small estate;  
Such pomps afflict the well-to-do!  
Alone he rides the valley through,  
A mule his meagre scrip can bear,  
And no invidious eyes compare  
Its withers galled or swaying load  
With any lordly trains that fare  
Along the sunlit Tibur Road.

Ay, pleasant was the way and straight  
Where, under skies of softest hue,  
The Anio plunged precipitate,  
And tall the shadowy plane-trees grew.  
Perchance some Chloe fled the view;  
Or Pyrrha, seeming unaware,  
Twined roses in her fragrant hair,  
While green the rushing current flowed;  
Or Lyce ogled from her chair  
Along the sunlit Tibur Road.

O merry Poet, mild was fate,  
On thee no wind untempered blew,

## FOREWORD

When Horace wished to write an ode  
And happy thoughts were far to seek,  
He'd take a turn on Tibur Road  
And lift a stanza from the Greek.

The songs he sang with kindly cheer  
Have loosed our tongues, that else were mute,  
To give our friends and friends' friends here  
A touch of our Horatian lute.

Eheu! the fleeting seasons pass,  
His lyre shall sound when ours shall cease,  
So now to his enduring brass  
We fix our spot of verdigris.

## THE TIBUR ROAD

Not in the fashion of the great,  
    A-horse with hampering retinue,  
The Poet reached his small estate;  
    Such pomps afflict the well-to-do!  
    Alone he rides the valley through,  
A mule his meagre scrip can bear,  
And no invidious eyes compare  
    Its withers galled or swaying load  
With any lordly trains that fare  
    Along the sunlit Tibur Road.

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    Where, under skies of softest hue,  
The Anio plunged precipitate,  
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    Perchance some Chloe fled the view;  
Or Pyrrha, seeming unaware,  
Twined roses in her fragrant hair,  
    While green the rushing current flowed;  
Or Lyce ogled from her chair  
    Along the sunlit Tibur Road.

O merry Poet, mild was fate,  
    On thee no wind untempered blew,



*THE TIBUR ROAD*

In comradeship most fortunate!  
Sweet breath of Sabine vineyards drew  
Thee and thy friends, the favored few,  
From bustling street and brimming square,  
And lured to taste thy country air  
Maecenas from his proud abode,  
Vergil and Varius—spirits rare!  
Along the sunlit Tibur Road.

*Envoi*

Horace, thy tranquil soul doth share  
With us, immersed in coils and care,  
The unfading charm of many an ode  
That bids us flee from grim despair  
Along the sunlit Tibur Road.

## SABINE HILLS

On Sabine hills when melt the snows,  
Still level-full His river flows;  
Each April now His valley fills  
With cyclamen and daffodils;  
And summers wither with the rose.

Swift-waning moons the cycle close:  
Birth,—toil,—mirth,—death; life onward goes  
Through harvest heat or winter chills  
On Sabine hills.

Yet One breaks not His long repose,  
Nor hither comes when Zephyr blows;  
In vain the spring's first swallow trills;  
Never again that Presence thrills;  
One charm no circling season knows  
On Sabine hills.

## THE HAUNTS OF HORACE

An ever present source of fresh delight  
Lies in the wonderland thy lays unfold;  
I read the tales that Sabine farmers told  
On winter evenings 'round the embers bright,  
The roistering and revelry of night  
When spiced Falernian foamed from flagons old,  
The songs that lovers to their ladies trolled  
In some close nook secluded from the sight.

A sure relief it is, when ill at ease,  
To walk with thee in this fair realm of thine,  
To watch the choral dance beneath the trees,  
And chant the praises of the sacred Nine;  
Baffled to gaze as Chloe coyly flees,  
Or drink with Lyde draughts of sparkling wine.

## OF WEALTH

To Q. H. F.

To thee among the singing spheres  
    Is given a part;  
Untarnished by the envious years,  
Unmated still thy song appears;  
Too kind for scorn, too wise for tears,  
    Thy matchless art.

Then, Horace, what the scorn I win,—  
    How all will jest!  
If, fleeing from the city's din  
(As long ago thou didst begin)  
I boast thy lot to mine is kin,  
    But mine more blest!

Thou too didst shun the smoke, the stress,  
    The brawling street,  
And in thy Sabine wilderness,  
On fare of chicory and cress,  
The Simple Life thou didst possess,—  
    A calm retreat.

There by Digentia's quiet shore  
    Thy mind was bent

## PROSPECTUS

Two dreamers we, and dread not Time's mischances;  
Let Fortune smile or frown or go or stay,  
Our wealth abides; and foul or fair her glances,—  
Hey-nonny-nonny!—pipe the jade away!

To tend the Sacred Fire that needs no fuel,—  
To dwell on Helicon and pay no rent,—  
To meditate the Muse and dine on gruel,—  
How rich are we who therewith are content!

Let yon pale cit, whose sole and only classic  
Is his fat ledger, cringe and toil and pray.  
For us the Spring, the Arbute-tree, the Massic,  
And loaf with Horace all the solid day!

We covet not your well-filled, tight-laced purses,  
Those gilded garners for the moth and rust;  
Leave us but stylus, tablets, Flaccus' verses,  
We reign in rags and banquet on a crust.

## REMEMBRANCE

OMAR is dead, who loved so well his wine;  
Above his mouldering grave the roses twine.  
And Horace now—for all his Golden Mean—  
Is nameless dust upon the Esquiline.

It matters not, or sad or glad the strain;  
Each poet sings his hour, nor comes again.  
Whate'er he was or had or hoped is gone;  
His songs alone immortal may remain.

Ah! what will be, my friend, for you to guess  
Of me, who pass to utter nothingness?  
Who have no voice to echo in your heart  
When death shall make my present little less?

Then whensoever you turn the pages through  
Where smiling Horace bares his heart to view—  
When Omar's muted strings wake sweet regret—  
Turn down the leaf and think: *He loved them too.*

•

TO E. M.  
FROM MAINE

O sweet to hear when Horace sings  
Of olive or late lingering rose,  
The lonely ilex tree that springs  
Where the clear murmuring fountain flows,—  
To hear in fancy through his Sabine vales  
The immortal music of the nightingales.

•

But dearer to your hearts and mine  
The winds that whisper of the snow,  
The granite slopes of fir and pine  
Where arbutus and bloodroot grow ;  
Far clearer, o'er the keen New England hills,  
Speak to our dreams the yearning whippoor-  
wills.

**A BOOK OF HORACE'S SWEETHEARTS**





## TO A HEADMISTRESS

A learned friend has bought my rhymes  
And paid hard silver for them;  
But O to think how many times  
Her learned pen will score them!

O miserere, Mistress Schodts!  
(That's Latin for *Have Pity.*)  
I know I've blundered lots and lots,  
But listen to my ditty:

No common bard like me could vie  
With your refined acumen.  
Just pass my imperfections by  
And smile and say "How human!"

## TO LEUCONOE

THAT SHE SHOULD NOT ASK HER FATE

*Tu ne quaesieris.*—I. II

Seek not to learn, for thou canst never know,  
How many years of life to thee or me  
The gods above will grant, Leuconoë,  
Nor trust what Chaldee calculations show.  
Far better to endure what fates bestow,  
Should they more winters give, or should this be  
The last, that dashes now the Tuscan sea  
Tempestuous on the cliffs with angry blow.

Be wise: draw off the wine; without delay  
Proportion thy high hopes to life's brief span.  
E'en while we're speaking, envious Time has gone  
Beyond recall. Thine is the present day,  
Grasp it, enjoy it now, nor trust the plan  
Of leaving aught until the morrow's dawn.

✱

## OF LALAGE

THAT SHE KEEPS HIS HEART PURE

*Integer vitae.*—I.22

He needs no Moorish dart  
Who wanders pure in heart,  
Whose life is unimpaired, unstained by crime;  
He bears no bow, no quiver's load  
Of poisoned arrows on his road,  
O Fuscus, though he seek the wildest clime:

Whether on Afric seas  
He take the sweltering breeze;  
Or froze, unfriendly peaks Caucasian scale;  
Or journey by the distant waves  
Where unexplored Hydaspes laves  
His shores, renowned in many an ancient tale.

For wandering care-free,  
Singing my Lalage,  
In Sabine woods beyond my bounds I strayed;  
Such virtue dwelleth in that song  
To banish aught impure or wrong,  
A grisly wolf that met me, fled afraid.

*OF LALAGE*

Such fearsome monster ne'er  
The spreading oak-groves bare,  
Where Daunus ruled his warlike folk of old;  
Nor yet, where Juba held command,  
Sprang ever such from Afric sand,  
Parched nourisher of lions fierce and bold.

O place me in the zone  
Where Winter rules alone,  
And sluggish breezes wake to life no flower;  
Where evil mists forever bide,  
And o'er the earth's deserted side  
The Jove of tempest wills that storm-wrack lower;

Or set me where the sun  
His car too near doth run  
To scorched lands, where homes may never be:  
Whate'er the sky may be above,  
With heart unstained I still shall love  
Sweet-smiling and sweet-prattling Lalage.

## TO PYRRHA

THAT SHE IS BUT A COQUETTE

*Quis multa gracilis.*—I.5

What slim youth now, bedewed with soft perfume,  
On banks of roses thee caresses,  
O Pyrrha, hid in some cool cavern's gloom?  
For whom dost bind thy golden tresses

In graceful neatness? Ah, how oft will he  
His misplaced confidence bewail,  
Who, inexperienced, wonders at the sea  
Aroused and darkened by the gale!

Yet thou as gold delectable dost seem  
To his too easily bedazzled eyes,  
Who thinks thee ever true, without a dream  
That storms may take him by surprise.

Unfortunates, to whom thou like a sea  
Untried, dost yet alluring shine!  
A tablet hung on Neptune's wall by me  
Shows what a shipwreck late was mine.

•

## TO BARINE

THAT SHE IS A MONSTROUS LIAR

*Ulla si iuris.*—II.8

Barine, had there aught of harm  
Befallen thee from broken vow,—  
Hadst thou but lost a single charm,  
Less fair become in eye or brow,—  
I might believe thee now.

But thou, as soon as thou dost stake  
Thy head with some perfidious prayer,  
More lovely yet thy form dost make,  
To all the youth a toast more rare,  
Thy fatal face more fair!

Yea, by thy buried mother's shade  
It only profits thee to lie;  
And thou hast flouted, unafraid,  
The speechless stars in all the sky,  
And gods that never die.

And Venus' self at this has laughed;  
The simple Nymphs will laugh, I say;  
And Cupid, too, whose fiery shaft

*TO BARINE*

On his blood-dripping stone alway  
He whets day after day.

Add one count more: there ever grow  
Still other youths, all slaves for thee!  
While yet no earlier victims go,—  
None from their impious mistress flee,  
Whate'er their threat'nings be!

All mothers dread thee for their boys;  
And old men fear thee, misers grown;  
And piteous brides, on whose new joys  
But once thy deadly breath has blown,  
To make them all thine own.



## TO LYDIA

THAT SHE IS RECONCILED

*Donec gratus eram.*—III.9

HORACE

While dear to thee I still remained,  
Nor any other youth more favored pressed  
His arms around thy gleaming neck, more blest  
Than any Persian king I reigned.

LYDIA

When thou didst feel no other flame,  
Nor Chloe was o'er Lydia preferred,  
Not more of Roman Ilia was heard,  
And Lydia was the one bright name.

HORACE

'Tis Thracian Chloe rules me now;  
Sweet music she hath learned and knows the lyre.  
So she might live, I'd gladly mount the pyre,  
Would fate but spare her to my vow.

LYDIA

A mutual love inflames me now  
And Thurian Calais, born of noble sire;  
Twice o'er for him I'd gladly mount the pyre,  
Would fate but spare him to my vow.

*TO LYDIA*

**HORACE**

What if our old-time love returned  
And joined our sundered hearts with yoke of brass?  
If o'er the threshold Lydia might pass  
And fair-haired Chloe thence be spurned?

**LYDIA**

The fairest star in all the sky  
Is he; while thou art fickle; Hadria's rage  
Less fell. And yet how fain would I engage  
To live with thee, with thee to die!

## TO CHLOE

THAT SHE HATH JILTED HIM

### I

*Vitas hinnuleo.*—I.23

Chloe, you flee when I am nigh  
Like any fearful fawn that high  
    On many a mountain path has strayed  
    To seek its timid dam, afraid  
Of every copse it passes by.

When breezes in the bushes sigh,  
Or lizards brush the brambles dry,  
    How it startles!—so, dismayed,  
    Chloe, you flee.

A tiger well might terrify;  
No leonine intent have I.  
    No longer ask your mother's aid,  
    A husband soon must be obeyed;  
The time is ripe. O tell me why,  
    Chloe, you flee!

TO CHLOE

II

*Vixi puellis.*—III.26

That late I loved I do repent;  
To maids no more bellipotent,  
    I now from arms and lyre abstain;  
    The leftward wall of Venus' fane  
Shall hold the amorous armament.

Here lie the bars, the flambeaux spent,  
The pliant bows that once I bent  
    Against the gates of her disdain  
    That late I loved.

Imperial queen, that dost frequent  
Cyprus, and Memphis innocent  
    Of Scythian snows, a boon I'd gain:  
    Raise once thy lash with might and main  
And smite that Chloe (impudent!)  
    That late I loved.

•

## TO LYDIA

ON SPOILING SYBARIS

*Lydia, dic.*—I.8

Say, Lydia, I entreat by all the gods above,  
Why haste you to destroy fond Sybaris with love?  
Why shuns he now the plain, the dust and heat once borne?  
With all his peers a-horse, what cause can make him scorn  
To stride the Gallic steed, straining the fangéd bit?  
Fears he the tawny Tiber who erst rejoiced in it?  
Why dreads he olive oil as though 't were viper's gore,  
Nor practice arms, who shone pre-eminent before  
In hurling o'er the mark discus and javelin?  
Like sea-born Thetis' son, who, ere the entering in  
Of Troy-town, sought to 'scape the Lycians' grim array  
In maiden's weeds: why hides thy lover, Lydia, say!

✱

## TO LYDIA

THAT SHE PRAISE NOT HIS RIVAL

*Cum tu, Lydia.*—I.13

When you to Telephus devote,  
    O Lydia, your choicest phrases,  
And either 'Telephus' white throat  
    Or wax-like arms excite your praises,  
Bah! my disgusted anger surges  
Like waves which stormy Notus urges.

Then I am blinded by my wrath,  
    And quite unstable my complexion;  
While on my cheek a tear-stained path  
    Shows how I mourn your changed affection.  
For when to me you're ever lost  
I burn, a lingering holocaust.

I burn to think how, mad with wine,  
    That boy in drunken rage may mar  
With blows those gleaming arms of thine,  
    Or leave upon thy lips a scar.  
Ah! who could that fair mouth abuse  
Which Venus with all sweets endues!

*TO LYDIA*

O thrice and four times blessed they  
    Whose life no evil quarrel knows,  
But calm and peaceful day by day  
    Glides as a quiet river flows;  
Whom an unbroken bond holds ever  
Until the last sad day shall sever.

## OF MYRTALE

THAT SHE WAS EXCEEDING FIERCE

*Albi, ne doleas.*—I.33

Grieve not, my Albius, all too sore;  
Hard-hearted Glycera forget.  
To sing thy piteous lays give o'er;  
Thy rival only shines the more,  
And she for broken faith feels no regret.

Far-famous for her slender brow,  
Lycoris' heart for Cyrus burns  
With parching passion; Cyrus now  
To Pholoë inclines his vow;  
As sharply she his base advances spurns

As flees the flock when wolves pursue.  
Thus Venus wills; her cruel joke  
Doth soul to soul unlike subdue,  
And lovers unrequited sue,  
Unequal joined beneath her brazen yoke.



*OF MYRTALE*

I, too, of a nobler love might tell;  
    She wooed me, still in tender bands  
By Myrtale held; whom I loved well,  
    Though servile-born, and far more fell  
Than billows on the curved Calabrian sands.

## TO LYCE

THAT SHE IS GROWN OLD

*Audivere, Lyce.*—IV.13

The gods have heard, O Lyce! heard my prayer—  
The gods have heard—and thou art old!  
And yet thou still wouldst fain be counted fair;  
    With wine and laughter bold

Thy tipsy quavering voice full often seeks  
By song to waken soft Desire.  
But Love lurks now in Chia's tender cheeks,  
    Young mistress of the lyre!

Ever unsated, still Love flits away  
From aged, withered oaks like thee;  
No wrinkled face like thine can bid him stay  
    Thy faded charms to see.

Thy Coan purple never can restore—  
Nor gems of price—those days again  
Which once fast-flying Time hath reckoned o'er  
    In records all too plain.

Where now hath fled thy charm? thy beauty where?  
Thy comely grace? What now is left

TO LYCE

Of her—of her—who, love in every air,  
Me of myself bereft?

For—after Cinara—fate to thee was kind:  
Wide-famed, with Welcome in thy face.  
But few the years the gods to her assigned;  
Yet kept thee in thy place.

To be the aged raven's withered peer,  
That ardent youths may now behold  
Thy burnt-out torch, and flout with many a jeer  
The ashes stale and cold.

## BALLADE OF HORACE'S LOVES

Lydia, fickle and fair,  
    Lyce, the faded of hue,  
Lalage, Pholoë . . . there!  
    Hark how the L's ripple through.  
    These were the beauties that drew,  
These lilting and lyrical dames!  
    Leuconoë, Glycera . . . Pooh!  
Why, Horace, they're nothing but names!

Pyrtha, the golden of hair,  
    Lyde the lyrist, the shrew  
Myrtale . . . well, I declare!  
    What in the world shall we do,  
    If critics abolish the crew,  
Their gallants and gaddings and games?  
    Barine, Lycoris, adieu!  
Alas! ye are nothing but names.

All were but syllabled air,  
    Fancies that flickered and flew:  
Innocent Phidyle's prayer,  
    Chloe the fawn, and the few  
    Years that your Cinara knew,

*BALLADE OF HORACE'S LOVES*

Cinara, sweetest of flames!

Ah, Horace, I'm sorry for you!

Alas! they were nothing but names.

*Envoi*

Ladies! ye shrink from this view;

But soon all your loves and your fames,

Fun, frailties, frolics,—ye too,

Alas! will be nothing but names!

# A BOOK OF HORACE'S MUSINGS

.



## RELICTA PARMULA

He leaves his shield behind  
Who bares his heart in verse;  
For better or for worse,  
Who wills may read his mind.

Ah! happy he who flies,  
And when the tumult ends,  
Finds in the hands of friends  
His armor held a prize!



## ON FRIENDSHIP

*(Model for a convertible toast)*

When Quintus Flaccus tunes his Lesbian Lyre  
And cribs a brand-new meter from the Greeks,  
What best can kindle his poetic fire?  
What theme most moves us when the Poet speaks?

Sure not his frail, imaginary ladies;  
Lord, no! they leave the modern bosom cold.  
Not the grim Shades he (almost) saw in Hades;  
Our consciences are clearer, or more bold.

So oft he preaches Golden Moderation,  
He makes one long to dare life's last and worst.  
He scolds the frantic rich: our indignation  
Waxes but faint,—he can't compete with Hearst.

But there's one theme where he can charm completely,  
One winning strain we wish might never end;  
His golden shell can never clash so sweetly,  
As when he celebrates a loving friend.

Maecenas! Vergil! how the recollection  
Brightens to hear the ardent numbers roll!  
From stiff Alcaics breathes what fond affection  
To warm the wintry cockles of the soul!

*ON FRIENDSHIP*

Then taught by him, my Muse, be wise in season,  
Nor trim thy tiny sail o'er mighty seas.  
Content, let others spread the feast of reason;  
Thou only in the flow of soul canst please.

Let others praise our { Artist  
Scholar  
Lawyer  
Statesman  
Author  
Teacher

For { Honor  
Wisdom  
Foresight  
Learning  
Art

Sing thou of Johnny Doe (God bless the creature!)  
The Other Half of each good fellow's Heart.

## AN INVITATION

*Vile potabis.*—I.20

Maecenas, when you grace my board  
    (And don't, dear Knight, decline to favor)  
You'll drink poor cups of Sabine, stored  
    In Grecian jar to get the flavor.

That very day the wine I sealed  
    When so distinct your plaudits rang out  
That echoes pealed from cliff and field;  
    So don't neglect my humble hang-out.

Though here you'll taste no Formian vine,  
    No product of Calenian vat,  
We'll have with just the cheap Sabine  
    A very creditable bat.

•

## THE AIMS OF HUMAN KIND

### *Maecenas atavis.*—I.1

Maecenas, sprung from royal lineage bright,  
Both my protector and my dear delight,  
How varied are the aims of human kind!  
Some in the chariot race their pleasure find,  
Tossing Olympia's dust as they skim by  
The goal with flashing wheel, and onward fly;  
Them the ennobling palm—to victors given—  
Masters of men exalts to lords of heaven.  
One, if the fickle crowd has dignified  
With three-fold offices, is satisfied.  
Another, if within his barns is stored  
What grain the Libyan threshing-floors afford.  
While he who loves to ply with his own hands  
The mattock on his small, ancestral lands,  
Would not, for all the wealth Attalic, be  
A timid sailor on the Myrtoan sea.  
The merchant, dreading much the Afric blasts  
Contending with the Icarian waves, contrasts  
The peace and safety of his rural home;  
But soon refits his bark, again to roam,  
Impatient at a life of mean estate.  
Others old Massic do not deprecate,

*THE AIMS OF HUMAN KIND*

Stretched at their ease an hour or so each day  
'Neath arbute green, where quiet fountains play.  
Many in camps and conquest find delight,  
And trumpet blasts, the cause of mothers' fright.  
The hunter 'neath the chilly sky will bide  
Unmindful of his home and tender bride,  
Whether behind the deer his hounds give tongue,  
Or Marsian boar through fine-meshed net has sprung.  
But none of these for ivy wreaths I'll trade,  
The crown of learned brows; in pleasant glade  
I love to view the Nymphs and Satyrs dance,  
Far from the common crowd; and then perchance  
Euterpe on her flute will sound a strain,  
Or Polyhymnia tune the lyre again.  
But if you deem me worth the lyric prize,  
With head exalted I shall strike the skies.

•

## TO POSTUMUS

*Eheu fugaces.*—II.14

Quickly the seasons glide by us,  
    Postumus, Postumus mine.  
Time never stays for the pious ;  
Quickly the seasons glide by us,  
Wrinkles and age come to try us,  
    Death but awaits our decline.  
Quickly the seasons glide by us,  
    Postumus, Postumus mine.

Every expedient faileth,  
    Pluto at length is supreme.  
Sacrifice nothing availeth,  
Every expedient faileth.  
Geryon his bondage bewaileth  
    Held by the sad Stygian stream.  
Every expedient faileth,  
    Pluto at length is supreme.

None can escape the dark water,  
    Peasant nor monarch of men.  
Father, son, mother, and daughter,  
None can escape the dark water,

*TO POSTUMUS*

Vain to shun war with its slaughter,  
Ocean, or pestilent fen.  
None can escape the dark water,  
Peasant nor monarch of men.

Villa and lands, we must leave them;  
Children and wife must resign,  
Willing or no to bereave them.  
Villa and lands, we must leave them,  
Worthier heirs shall receive them,  
Draining the long-treasured wine.  
Villa and lands, we must leave them;  
Children and wife must resign.

\*

## A WINTER PARTY

*Vides ut alta.*—I.9

O yonder see how clearly gleams  
    Soracte, white with snow;  
How the fir-trees stagger beneath their load.  
    Bowing to let it go;  
And the river, numbed by the piercing cold.  
    At length has ceased to flow.

Dissolve the rigor of the frost,  
    Bright let the embers shine,  
With liberal hand heap on the logs,  
    And, Thaliarchus mine,  
Bring forth the Sabine amphora  
    Of four-years-mellowed wine.


All else abandon to the gods;  
    Whatever time they will  
They drive the winds from the tossing sea  
    And cause them to be still,  
Till never a lowland cypress stirs  
    Nor old ash on the hill.



*A WINTER PARTY*

Pry not into the morrow's store;  
Thy profit doth advance  
By every day that fate allots,  
So, lad, improve thy chance,—  
Ere stiff old age replace thy youth,—  
To love and tread the dance.

Now in the Campus and the squares  
At the appointed hour  
Let gentle whispers oft be heard  
From many a twilight bower,  
Or the laugh of a lurking lass betray  
The theft of a ring or flower.



## A PROPER FEAST

*Natis in usum.*—I.27

Come, comrades, cease your Thracian fights  
O'er cups designed for better uses,  
For moderate Bacchus ne'er delights  
In bloody quarrels o'er his juices.

How far removed from lamps and wine  
Should be the Median dagger keen!  
Hush drunken clamor, friends of mine;  
In quiet on your elbows lean.

. . . You wish to have me taste my share  
Of strong Falernian with the rest? . . .  
Megilla's brother must declare  
First, by what mortal wound he's blest.

Falters his will? . . . Then I'll not drink . . .  
Come, tell us by what love you're swayed,  
What fire consumed; . . . tut, man, don't shrink  
To own an honest escapade!

Trust it to safe ears; 't is no sin  
But to impart your sweetheart's name.—  
Ah! What Charybdis are you in,  
Youth worthy of a nobler flame!

*. A PROPER FEAST*

What witch, what wizard's potent brew,  
What god can save you this time, sirrah?  
Scarce Pegasus could rescue you,  
Entrapped by such three-fold Chimera.

•

## MELPOMENE

*Quem tu, Melpomene.*—IV.3

The man thou hast inspired, Melpomene,  
And viewed at hour of birth with serene eyes,  
Exalted by thy sovereign power shall be.

No Isthmian games shall hail his victory,  
No fleeting chariot bear him to the prize,—  
The man thou hast inspired, Melpomene.


No conqueror of haughty monarchs he;  
Not he, with brows enwreathed in victors' guise,  
Exalted by thy sovereign power shall be.

Where woods are dense and rills fall plenteously,  
The soul of song within him glorifies  
The man thou hast inspired, Melpomene.

I naught can envy; Rome has honored me.  
My lays, by her deemed worthy of the skies,  
Exalted by thy sovereign power shall be.

*MELPOMENE*

I sing to please thee, Muse, and only thee  
In whom the master-gift of music lies.  
Exalted by thy sovereign power shall be  
The man thou hast inspired, Melpomene.



**"O VIRGIN WARDER OF THE MOUNTAIN PINES"**

*Montium custos.*—III.22

O Virgin Warder of the mountain pines!  
On whom, in sorrow, matrons not in vain  
Thrice call, and Thou dost quell their every pain,—  
Three-fold Thy God-head shines!

Close to my roof let this Thy pine tree grow,  
On which, as each revolving year is o'er,  
Gladly from some fierce, sideward-thrusting boar  
Blood-offering I'll bestow.

## HYMN FOR THE NEPTUNALIA

*Festo quid potius.*—III.28

What better do this day  
Of Neptune, Lyde, say,  
Than broach the cask  
Of Caecuban?  
Be that your task,  
Go quickly as you can.

Your housewife's care forget;  
The sun is nearly set.  
Unlike the day  
Stock-still you are;  
Come, haste away,  
Fetch the reluctant jar!

Green locks of Nereides,  
And Neptune, Lord of Seas,  
We celebrate,  
And, to the lyre,  
Latona great  
And Cynthia's darts of fire.

*HYMN FOR THE NEPTUNALIA*

To Her who Cnidos sees,  
And shining Cyclades,  
By yoke-swans white  
Conveyed along—  
To Her and Night  
Shall rise our evensong.

•



## HYMN FOR FAUNUS' DAY

*Faune, nympharum.*—III.18

Lover of nymphs that flee for all thy love,  
O Faunus, through my sunny farm-land move  
With step propitious; ill intention shun  
Toward my lambs; so when the year is run  
A savory kid may deck thine ancient shrine,  
And Love not lack companion-cups of wine.

Sportive the herd through grassy meadow flees,  
The ox is pastured, and the folk at ease  
Maintain thy winter-festival; grown bold,  
The sheep fear not the wolf within the fold;  
Woods yield their boughs to grace thy holiday;  
And delvers gaily stamp the hated clay.

\*

## HYMN TO DIANA AND APOLLO

*Dianam tenerae.*—I.21

Sing of Diana, sing, gentle maidens ;  
Boys, of the beardless Cynthius sing.  
Chant ye together praise of Latona,  
Pleasing to Jove, the omnipotent king.

Sing, O ye maidens, rivers delightful,  
Tresses of woodland sweet to your queen,  
Groves Erymanthian, forests of Gragus,  
Dells on the slope of Algidus green.

Boys, sing of Tempe, tell of its praises ;  
Delos, the birth-place of Phoebus, admire ;  
Godlike his shoulder graced with the quiver,  
Sweet the fraternal gift of the lyre.

Keep from the folk and Caesar Imperial  
War's depredation, famine, and pest ;  
Turn them instead on the Britons and Persians ;  
Child of Latona, hear our request !

## FONTINALIA

*O fons Bandusiae.*—III.13

Bandusian fountain! worthy of sweet wine  
Nor lacking garlands strewn, thy glassy stream;  
To-morrow from the frolic herd I deem  
The tenderest kid of any shall be thine.  
His pulsing blood shall tinge thy crystalline  
Cold water, though by budding front he seem  
Destined to wax in love and war supreme:  
But vain his destiny. To weary kine  
And wandering flocks thy runnel, icy cool,  
Gives grateful rest when flaming Sirius reigns.  
Among the founts in noble numbers known  
Thou too shalt be exalted, while my strains  
Extol the rills, from ledges ilex-grown,  
That murmuring fill thy pure pellucid pool.

•

## THE POET'S PRAYER

*Quid dedicatum.*—I.31

What seeks the bard inspired  
From Phoebus on the founding of the shrine?  
What is the gift desired  
As from the sacred cup he pours the wine?

He asks for no rich grain  
Gathered in far Sardinia's fertile fields;  
From scorched Calabrian plain  
No flocks; no gold nor tusks that India yields.

Unmeant for him he deems  
Those lands which silent Liris gnaws away  
With smoothly-sliding streams.  
As for Calenian vines, let those who may

Prune them with crooked blade;  
Let wealthy merchants drain from cups of gold  
Wine of the Syrian trade,—  
Gods willing, thrice a year in unscathed hold

Brought from the Atlantic sea.  
These riches tempt me not; I but request  
Olives and chicory,  
And tender mallows, easy to digest.

*THE POET'S PRAYER*

Latona-born, I pray  
That with my lot I may be satisfied;  
May mind and vigor stay,  
And to my age be not the lyre denied.

\*

## HORACE'S DIET

... "Me pascunt olivae,  
Me cichorea levesque malvae."—I.31

O Quintus Horatius! O can it be true  
That you spurned the Falernian flagon,  
And quaffed, in its place, this chicory brew,  
Refusing to get a good jag on?

If for dinner, instead of a New England boiled,  
You preferred but an olive or mallow,  
I'm surprised your digestion so long was unspoiled,  
And your verses not morbid or shallow.

So, Horace, if feeding on fodder like this  
You fancied that you were in clover,  
I'll never blame Pyrrha for shunning your kiss,  
Or Chloe for throwing you over.

•

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## ON A DISASTER IN PLASTER

"Non ebur neque aureum  
Mea renidet in domo lacunar."—II.18

"Nor ivory, nor golden-inlaid beams  
Adorn my roof," wrote Horace quite compactly.  
I used to think this strange; but now it seems  
My sentiments exactly.

For think! if while he labored on an ode  
About a rose, carnation, or geranium,  
This gold and ivory, an awful load,  
Had crashed upon his cranium!

Though Pliny too had often (as we've read)  
Brought down the house, what would have been his  
feeling,  
While answering Baebius, had he instead  
Brought down a piece of ceiling?

A pillow-parasol old Pliny tried  
When lava showers imperiled his position.  
When next I seek the class-room, I'll have tied  
Upon my head a cushion.

\*

## THE CAMPAIGNER

*Icci, beatis.*—I.29

O Dicky, is it only spite  
And hope of Spanish plunder?  
Or are you spoiling for a fight  
With those bewhiskered sons of might,  
The dauntless Dons, I wonder?

Caramba! but some heads will ache  
When you consume salt-petre!  
You'll shoot some Dago dude and take—  
To starch your cuffs and cocktails make—  
His dusky Señorita.

Or else, for valet, you'll bring home  
Some coffee-colored laddie,  
Well trained to spread the fleecy foam,  
To wield the strop, to ply the comb,  
By his Castilian daddy.

Well, well, what next? what can't be true,  
If you, who'd grown so steady,  
Have caught the Cuban fever, too,  
And start, all fired for daring-do,  
Rough-Ridering with Teddy;



*THE CAMPAIGNER*

If you, a settled, sober Grad.,  
Have hocked your KENT and STORY,  
Your BLACKSTONE—lately all your fad—  
To buy your kit, and khaki-clad  
Are off for dust and glory.

## THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

*Nunc est bibendum.*—I.37

Ho! comrades, let us revel, now dance with nimble feet,  
Come, spread the couches of the gods with Salian dainties  
sweet;

But yesterday 't were ill conceived the long-stored wine to  
drain

While Capitol and Empire still were menaced by the train  
Of dissolute adventurers who follow Egypt's queen,  
Drunk with the vintage of success and blinded by her spleen.  
But her madness was diminished, when from out the fire and  
wrack

Of all her myriad galleys, scarce a single ship came back.  
When Caesar from the Italian shore in quick pursuit had sped,  
Her senses, dulled by fumes of wine, were overcome by dread.  
For as upon the dove swoops down the falcon from the air,  
Or as on Haemon's snowy plain the huntsman bags the hare,  
So Caesar in his galleys to the fatal queen gave chase,  
To cast in chains and bear her back his captive train to grace.  
But destined for a nobler end she showed no woman's fear  
Of swords, nor did she take to ship and for a refuge steer;  
But all serene, she gazed upon her palace lying low,  
And dared to seek the venom from the serpent's angry blow.  
She was no humble woman, who could death so firmly brave,  
And scorn to grace a triumph fit for any common slave.

\*

## ON TRANSLATING THE FOREGOING

I am trying, Egypt, trying  
    To translate as Horace wrote.  
In the dark, Plutonian shadows  
    Mingled words and phrases float;  
But I cannot catch the spirit  
    Any more than find a rhyme;  
Might as well attempt a paeon  
    On the battle of Blenheim.

For though Horace may have gloried  
    In thine empire's tragic fall,  
Politics of Flaccus' era  
    Do not interest me at all.  
Though I'd gladly sing of Pyrrha,  
    Or of fawnlike Chloe tell,  
When it comes to odes like this one,  
    Cleopatra! Rome! farewell!

✱

## SIMPLICITY

*Persicos odi.*—I.38

Hateful, Page, to me is the pomp of Persia ;  
Garlands even, plaited with bast, displease me ;  
Cease then seeking places wherein the roses  
Linger late-blooming.

Naught I will thou add to the simple myrtle,  
Vainly toilsome ; neither for thee, my servant,  
Myrtles are unfitting, or me close-shaded,  
Quaffing the vine-juice.

## MY SABINE FARM

*Laudabunt alii.*—I.7

Some people talk about "Noo Yo'k";  
Of Cleveland many ne'er have done;  
They sing galore of Baltimore,  
Chicago, Pittsburgh, Washington.

Others unasked their wit have tasked  
To sound unending praise of Boston—  
Of bean-vines found for miles around  
And crooked streets that I get lost on.

Give me no jar of truck or car,  
No city smoke and noise of mills;  
Rather the slow Connecticut's flow  
And sunny orchards on the hills.

There like the haze of summer days  
Before the wind flee care and sorrow.  
In sure content each day is spent,  
Unheeding what may come to-morrow.

\*

## IN DEEP WATER

*Quis multa gracilis.*—I.5

What slim youth in shady grotto  
Filled with sweet enticing otto  
    From his bouquet,  
Woos thee, fickle Pyrrha, *sotto*  
    *Voce?*

Dress thy yellow locks! His error  
He will soon in sudden terror  
    Start bewailing,  
Tossed by seas that late seemed fairer  
    Sailing.

Now he deems thee gold the purest,  
Calls thee tenderest, demurest—  
    Ignoramus!  
But can one whom thou allurest  
    Blame us?

Yes, a robe I'm consecrating  
*My* escape commemorating—  
    Was I iron  
To resist thee, captivating  
    Siren!

## TO CHLOE

### A BALLAD OF CLASS-ROOM PRONUNCIATIONS

The snow descends on hills and leas,  
But radiators brightly glowing  
Dispel all fear of chill Boreas,  
However hard the wind is blowing.  
While old Aeólus wafts the snow,  
I'll sit me down and write to Chloe.

With Horace Chloe was all the rage,  
He straightway jilted every other,  
Leuconoe, Phyllis, and Lalage,  
For this "lost fawn that seeks its mother;"  
Which was his artful way, I fear,  
Of calling Chloe his little dear.

'Tis true I never knew this Chloe,  
But Mr. Q. H. Flaccus knew her;  
She handed him the mitten, so  
He straightway wrote some poems to her.  
Well, let me see, I'll head my verse:  
"To one more charming far than Circe."

TO CHLOE

"It is for you my spirit gasps,  
    O loveliest of lovely gender ;  
I willingly would breast Hydaspes,  
    If I might be your true defender.  
I long for you, to be precise,  
As Orpheus yearned for Eurydice.

"And you will not refuse, I hope  
    To send me just as many kisses,  
As that old dame called Penelope  
    Bestowed upon returned Ulysses  
Or Cupid, whom all lovers like,  
Delivered to his sweetheart, Psyche.

"Within affection's warmest glow  
    I write these heartfelt lines to place us,  
And send them to you, darling Chloe,  
    By kindness of my friend, Pegasus.  
O may love's bond as firm attach us,  
As Ariadne was to Bacchus."

\*



## DE CONSOLATIONE

Ad Q. H. F.

Quintus, the fate you dreaded worst  
    Has long been yours;  
A tribe you would have held accurst,  
    As mostly bores,—  
We teachers,—seized you from the first.  
Lean wits for ages in the schools  
    With you were fattened.  
Professors dam your flow with rules;  
Critics and editorial ghouls  
Still tear you with scholastic tools;  
Full fifty-seven brands of fools  
    On you have battened.

Jones counts, and finds your lady-loves  
    By far too many.  
Brown writes his learned tome, and proves  
    You hadn't any!  
Noakes notices their too transparent names  
    Are always Greek.  
While for *grande passion* Stoakes, *expertus*, claims  
    You're still to seek!  
Poor Cinara, whose portrait Sir T. Martin

DE CONSOLATIONE

Likes to believe you put your very heart in,—  
E'en Cinara to the great Professor Smith  
Is all but myth!

Then as for Dr. Verrall and his dreams,—

Beiträge-magic!

To him your very lightest lyric seems  
Of import tragic.

Melpomene, who our innocence supposes  
Was not yet conscious of her awful mission,  
Lurks full of gloom, it seems, beneath your wine-and-roses,  
And purple cushion!

That gentle mirth, that wit at which we smile,

Were meant to harrow

(Had we but sense to penetrate your guile)

Our feelings for one d-doomed Licinius Varro.

*Mehercule!* no worse a Monstr'-horrend'-ingens-whats-it-icus  
Was e'er evolved from any other Apparatus Criticus!

Long-suffering Poet! one stroke more

Thy stars malign have kept in store,

That now must fall:

A great Historian takes the floor

Who knows it all!

To him your works of during brass,

Your *curiosa felicitas*,

Your phrases that so long did pass

For purest classic,

Are parts of one deep-laid design

*DE CONSOLATIONE*

TO BOOM THE TRADE IN NATIVE WINE—  
Falernian, Formian, Prænestine,  
Calenian, Massic!!

But don't despair: such things are sent  
(Unpleasant very!)

To prove your high-piled monument  
*Perennius aere.*

So sane and clear your eyes that saw  
Whatever passes,

They must have read this simple law  
That strong as brass is:

Not he who 'scaped from beak and claw,—

The Bentley-lion's heavy paw,—

The tiger-Peerlkamp's rending jaw,—

Need break his rest with fear and awe,

When o'er his head with weird he-haw

Stamp the wild asses.

## FLACCUS DIVERSIFIED

OR

Every Poet His Own Horace

“He useth to indite but Common Places—*quasi Communes Locos*—this Barde of ours: wherefore it Falleth oute that what Poet soever looketh into Flaccus his boke heareth but his own Argument sette to his own proper Musick.”

—Meason: Anatomie of Poeticks, §23



TO FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

The critics on our antics look  
    With eyes so cold and solemn;  
O find a refuge for our book  
    In your congenial column!

Yea, Loiterer at the Sacred Fount,  
    Give the Glad Hand, by Bacchus!  
And charge the item: "On account  
    Of my old friend, Q. Flaccus."

## DONAREM PATERAS

### IV.8

Englished by Robert Browning

*Flaccus the poet, from the ilex groves  
That clothe the cool Digentia's dexter side—  
(See Life, by Wickham, three-and-thirtieth page)—  
And the sure silence of his field's much grass,  
To Censorinus, best of comrades, these:*

'Thinketh he'd suit each several comrade's taste,  
'Thinketh he'd give them sacrificial bowls  
All lapis, or enwrought of Favrile glass,  
(Although, God wot! I know not what that is!)  
And suchlike bric-a-brac, wherewith we use  
To burden bridal couples to their dole;  
And bronzes—mark you that, pure bronzes, man!  
Ripe-orange patined, copper's best alloy,  
No piddling pewter, two per cent. of tin;  
And triple-straddling tripods, valor's prize,  
Contested by the Hellenes, tetyx-topped;—  
*Flower-o'-the plum!*  
*This is as easy as twiddle-your-thumb!*

Nor would'st thou have the worst of these my gifts,  
My Censorinus!—'meaneth to say, of course,

DONAREM PATERAS

I'd give them, had I store of such to give,—  
Chefs-d'oeuvre Parrhasian, Scopian handiwork,  
(This stone's, and that the glittering pigment's lord,  
One sculping mortal's and one limning gods.)

*Flower-o'-the thyme!*

*This is too easy: I think I'll try rhyme.*

But seeing to you there no lack is  
Of such, you'll not hope that your Flaccus  
Will send you *bijouterie*; moreover,  
'Tis poems you rather had pore over;  
'Tis poems I have in satiety,  
And can tell their worth to society:  
Not marbles nor state-graven statues;  
(And what you will make out of that choose)  
Through which our brave general's spirit  
(Praise a hero: be sure he will hear it!)  
Returns to this life for a season,—  
Not the backward path that he flees on,  
Dire Hannibal, threat'nings all ended,—  
Nor Carthage, forever delend'ed,—  
More clearly reveals by its blazes  
The conquering hero's just praises,  
Who returned from his African triumph  
So poor that no carper could cry: "Humph!  
*His* reason for fighting's the plainest,"  
(So poor! but then be-Africanused!)  
Than Muses Calabrian show 'em;



DONAREM PATERAS

That's Ennius; go read his poem.  
*Flower-o'-the bay!*  
*What's to prevent me from rhyming all day?*

Were letters silent of thy deeds well done,  
Thou hadst no guerdon. What were Mar's son  
And Ilia's, if that Silence envious  
Might stand athwart the worth of Romulus?  
Thus Aeacus from Stygian billows wrung  
By potency of bards, their favor, tongue,  
Is consecrate the Happy Isles among.  
The wight laud-worthy hath the Muse denied  
To die; the Muse awards him Heaven beside.  
'Tis thus at Jove's high feast, his labor crowned,  
The tireless hero Hercules is found;  
And Tyndareus' progeny, the lucent stars,  
Save shattered barks from out the billows' wars;  
With wreathed brow whereon the vine-leaf clings,  
Liber our hope to happy issue brings.  
*Flower-o'-the-vine!*  
*Is some of that Browning's or all of it mine?*

## VITAS HINNULEO

### I.23

Indited by Samuel Johnson, Esq.

With heart horrescent and aversive Air,  
My amorous suit evites the ingenuous Fair,—  
A timid offspring of the cervine kind,  
Who seeks her Dam of equi-timorous mind;  
She devious quests o'er elevated ways;  
Each gust affrights her and each breath affrays.

If vernal Zephyrs on the branches light  
And shake the leaves (in Dr. Bentley's spite);  
If Briars recumbrous on their native heath  
Stir with lacertian movement underneath;  
The flames of terror in her bosom burn,  
And nether members pulsate in their turn.

And yet no tigrine nature e'er was mine,  
No shore Gaetulian reared me leonine.  
I woo thee, not insatiate of gore,  
Nor long to view thy corse ensanguined o'er.  
Seek not the Maternal Source of life again,  
Nor still reluct t'approve the eager Swain.

## VIXI PUELLIS

### III.26

Lilted by Algernon Charles Swinburne

Love, I have lived of late for these thy handmaids not all  
unmeet.

Yea, I have warred thy war, nor bitten the bitter bread of  
defeat.

Cometh war-weariness now and the woful wane of wild desire,  
Cometh the leaving of arms, and the last long lingering lift  
of the lyre.

Fair is thy fane, Aphrodite, thou fairest fruit of the furrow-  
less sea!

Yea, and the left wall of it shall hold henceforth the weapons  
of me:

Torches of fresh-flown flame, and jimmies that jam, and the  
bent bow's bane,

On lintels that lower with locks shall prove their prowess  
never again.

Goddess, who holdest Cyprian realms! thou brine-born Mother  
of Love!

*VIXI PUELLIS*

Whose alone are the Memphian fields and the snowless acres  
thereof!

Queen, and the flower of the foam! thou flicker of flames  
that flash!

Lift up thy scourge on the scornful Chloe and lessen her pride  
with thy lash!

## CAELO SUPINAS

### III.23

In the manner of Robert Herrick

Whenas the New Moone sho's her light,  
If thou dost lift thy hands aright  
(Rusticall Phidyle) to Heav'n's dome,  
And of thine increase still spar'st some  
For the high gods ('t needs not be bigge:  
A wisp of corne, a sucking Pigge,  
Or but a grane of Franckynsense),  
Then all thy plagues theyle banish hence.  
The Sirrock-blast from Africa  
Wo'd not thy fertile Vine dismay;  
Thy croppe won't rust, nor younglings fear  
The evill apple-season o' th' yeere.  
For those rich victims that still wait  
(Tho' vow'd) on Algidus candidate,  
Or fatte in Alban pastures waxe,  
Will dye (not thine but) the pontiff's axe.  
Thy tiny gods to supplicate  
Befits no such lautitious cate;  
For rosemarie wreathes & mirtle boughs  
Co'd better suite thy modest vows;

*CAELO SUPINAS*

I, holy meale & crackling grane  
Wo'd soothe the angry Lar. In vain  
A costlier Gift thou'd'st seek to bring:  
Pure hands are th' welcomest offering.  
These sooner make thy cause well wonne  
Than rich importunation.

## SCRIBERIS VARIO

### I.6

To M. Vipsanius Agrippa

By R. K., Author of Bobbs: and Other Irreverences

If it's pr'ises that you'd like,  
Mister Grippls,  
Varius is the bird to strike  
For them, Grippls.  
'E'll cough up 'Omeric notes  
About your deeds with 'orse or boats.  
S'ikes! your Tommies harn't no goats,  
Hare they, Grippls?

I can't write no bloody hode  
For you, Grippls.  
Can't tell wot I 'aven't knowed,  
Can I, Grippls?  
Like them bloomin' classic guys,  
Pelides and Ulix-eyes;—  
You're a cut above my size,  
Haren't you, Grippls?

SCRIBERIS VARIO

Wisht I could spout such 'ot stuff  
About you, Grippls.  
Reckon I 'aven't sand enough,—  
Not like Grippls!  
And my Muse, says she (bad cess!)  
"That there's not your style, I guess;  
Don't you make no *pukkah* mess  
Out o' Grippls."

Beer and rookies, them's my l'y—  
(Likewise Grippls')—  
Quarreling gals and such as th'y;  
Haren't they, Grippls?  
That's the stuff brings in the chink  
And I'll stick to that I think,  
Woozely drunk, or out o' clink,  
Won't I, Grippls?

CHORUS

Then 'ere's to Vipsy-Wipsy, little Grippls,  
Grippls, Grippls!  
We love him str'ight or tipsy, little Grippls,  
Grippls, Grippls!  
O! we knows it bloomin' well,  
His grite fime no tongue can tell;  
But we'll fight for him to ——!  
Won't we Grippls!



## NON USITATA

### II.20

Which Chaucer thinketh grete merveille.

With wingës freshe and stronge I tak my weye  
Thurgh clerë heven, ne lenger nill I staye  
On erthë for to dwelle in cityes grete;  
Sone I schal flee the presse, I yow bihete.  
But I, Maecenas, I whom thou dost calle  
A pore man born, shal never deye at alle,  
Ne rest confinéd bi the Stygian wawes.

For, lo, my toon been chaungéd into clawes,  
And smalë scalës on my leggës bothe  
Beginnen for to growe, I tell yow sothe;  
The whitë down out-sterteth fro my barme,  
And plumës been engendred on eche arme;  
My bak and sidës eek with fethres hid—  
Loke, am I nat a veray parfit brid!  
Anon like Icarus on-lofte I sore  
To seigh the gretë see y-clept Bosphore,  
And like a snow-whyte swan with swetë stevene  
I flee to Syrtes heigh along the hevene;  
To Colchus, Spayne, and many landës mo,  
And eek to räaumës of the north I go  
And drink the Rhone, yif that there nis na wine.  
Wherefore, when I departë, leve to pyne;

*NON USITATA*

Noon needeth sorwen at my sepulture,  
Ne singen diriges to my soulës cure,  
Ne seyen messe upon an holi-daye  
As monkës doon for love or els for paye,  
Swich wo and moorning nis nat worth a flye,—  
I shal for ever sore on wingës hye.

. . . . .

Thus seyth Orace, and nevere have I founde  
Within his book that yit he cam to grounde.

\*

## O NAVIS

I.14

Navigated by W. E. Henley

Whither, O Ship, away?  
Forth to the plangent, immitigable billows  
Wilt thou fare once more?  
To port! To port! Lo!  
How nude thy side of oarage, how thy mast  
Wind-worn, worm-riddled, mouldy with memories,  
Groans to the swift blasts African.  
And all thy yards with clang on clang resound.  
Nor without cables can thy keel endure  
This miserable welter and wash,  
The hugger-mugger of waves.  
(Ocean! O Ocean of Politics! Ocean of Pulls!)  
Thou hast no sails yet undisintegrated,  
Nor Powers on whom to call, o'er-whelmed with ills,  
Child of the Pontic Pine,  
Daughter of noble wood-lands,  
Thy boasts are vain;  
The mariner trusts thee not;  
Beware, unless thou owest sport  
To all the winds of Heaven.  
Thou my anguishable care

*O NAVIS*

In the dreary, ineffectual Yesterdays  
Now my darling anxiety:  
Beware lest Death, the junk-man,  
Catch thee amid the sapphirine isles,  
And strew thee in gobbets o'er  
The unravined, imperturbable sea.

## EHEU FUGACES

### II.14

As it sounded to Thomas Gray

Our Fleeting Years, alas! glide fast away.  
Gray, wrinkled Age invades with every breath;  
Nor Pious Vows can interpose delay,  
And even Worth must yield the Palm to Death.

Can reeking Fane or oft-recurring Rite  
Avail thee, Friend, in thy predestined hour,  
When all the monstrous brood of ancient Night  
Alike must own the illacrymable Power?

Full many a child of the all-bounteous earth  
O'er Lethe's dark, unfathomed wave has passed;  
Nor pride of Power avails, nor Royal Birth;  
The weary Ploughman thither plods at last.

In vain we shun the blood-stained work of War;  
In vain th' infuriate Ocean's angry moan;  
In vain from Autumn's heat we flee afar;  
For Pestilence will mark us for her own.

*EHEU FUGACES*

To view that sullen flood none may refuse,  
Where spirits unblest will fright thy wondering gaze,  
Where Justice still her righteous doom pursues,  
And keeps the awful tenor of her ways.

No more thy child shall prattle at thy knees,  
Nor busy house-wife wait thy long return.  
Thy land, thy house, thou 'lt leave; and of thy trees  
Naught but the hated cypress deck thy urn.

A worthier heir shall spill thy treasured wine  
That Luxury's self had envied thee to taste;  
Then Wealth shall all her hoarded hopes resign,  
And Avarice sadly yield the realm to Waste.

## VITAS HINNULEO

### I.23

Done by Mr. William Wordsworth

I met a little Roman maid ;  
    She was just sixteen (she said),  
And O ! but she was sore afraid,  
    And hung her modest head.

A little fawn, you would have vowed,  
    That sought her mother's side,  
And wandered lonely as a cloud  
    Upon the mountain wide.

Whene'er the little lizards stirred,  
    She started in her fear ;  
In every rustling bush she heard  
    Some awful monster near.

"I'm not a lion ; fear not so ;  
    Seek not your timid dam".—

VITAS HINNULEO

But Chloe was afraid, and O!  
She knows not what I am:

*A creature quite too bright and good  
To be so much misunderstood.*



## IN MEMORIAM

Quintilius Varus

I.24

By Alfred Tennyson

May grief's excess work aught of wrong  
To one so dear as him we mourn?  
O music, from some Higher Bourne  
Attune our woe to lyre and song!

And so eternal slumbers press  
Our brother down: and when shall we  
Among mankind his equal see  
In justice, honor, truthfulness?

By many wailed, by thee the most,  
O Vergil! Vain thy pious prayer.  
What erst they trusted to thy care,  
The gods recall, and it is lost.

What though with more than Orphic strain  
Thy lyre should charm the listening trees?  
May spirit hark to words like these,  
Or fill the empty form again?

*IN MEMORIAM*

In vain. To that austere abode  
Relentless Fate his soul hath driven,  
Deaf to our prayers. May only Heaven  
Grant patience to endure thy load!

## EPISTLE TO SEPTIMIUS

*Septimi, Gadis.*—II.6

As writ by Mr. Alexander Pope, Esqr.

Awake! Septimius, to my strain attend:  
Friendship my theme, I sing to thee a friend.  
That such thou art, thy fond attendance proves  
Where'er on earth my errant foot-step roves.  
To Cadiz if I take my dangerous way  
And tribes Cantabrian, hostile to our sway;  
Or if the barbarous Syrtes I explore  
Where seething waves assail the Afric shore:  
Not these can daunt, nor those subdue thy mind,  
Nor seas divide the hearts that Heaven joined.  
O grant, ye Powers, that still my wand'rings guide,  
And this the best of gifts—a friend—supplied:  
When draws this mortal journey to its close,  
May we in Tibur find a sweet repose!  
Within the walls an Argive wanderer piled,  
May we forget the painful roads we toiled!  
With warfare wasted, sickened by the sea,  
Be ours the goal for which we fondly pray!  
Some further limit for my travel's end,  
If Fate decree (who can with Fate contend?)  
That land I'll seek where once Phalanthus came,

*EPISTLE TO SEPTIMIUS*

Where Spartans dwell beside Galaesus' stream.  
Harmonious through the plain its currents glide,  
Sweet to the flocks that pasture by its side.  
No other flocks more feel a shepherd's care,  
No other shepherds richer fleeces shear.  
(Thrice-happy swains! if they their riches knew!  
To skin their flocks, and then to fleece them too!)  
No other nook on earth with this can vie  
To win the poet's heart and please his eye.  
No more Hymettus boasts her waxen store;  
Venafrum's olives are her pride no more.  
For here kind Jove a rich abundance brings,  
The winter softens, and delays the springs.  
And blest by Bacchus, Aulon's fertile field  
Envies no grapes Falernian vineyards yield.  
Sure 'tis for us those happy towers arise  
To soothe our breasts and glad our weary eyes.  
And there the poet with the poet's friend  
Awaits at last the final journey's end.  
Thy grateful task to ease the laboring breath,  
To still his fears and close his eyes in death,  
On his warm ashes drop the meed of tears,  
And waft his spirit to those brighter spheres.

## TO DELLIUS

*Aequam memento.*—II.3

Rubaiyated by Edward Fitzgerald

This shifting bubble sages call thy soul  
Wilt thou not keep it, Friend, in firm control?  
Nor Joy nor Grief o'er-throws his level mind  
Who learns the Wisdom hidden in the Bowl.

Whether thou pass thy gloomy days in pain,  
Or fling the Balm-of-life abroad like rain,  
Alike the bitter or the sparkling Cup  
Thou quaff'st—to sleep and wake no more again.

I sometimes think that never flows the Wine  
So red, as 'neath the Poplar and the Pine.  
Wer't not a shame? O Friend, wer't not a shame,  
If they in vain their pleasing shade combine?

And to what end, think'st thou, this rivulet  
Doth in its winding Channel fume and fret?  
O pluck To-day! and make no vain pursuit  
Of This and That, which thou may'st never get.

TO DELLIVS

The Wine, the Perfume, and the lovely Rose  
That buds at dawn and with the evening goes,—  
That man whom Wealth permits, and Youth and Fate,  
He knows about them all—He knows—He knows!

The aureate earth thou sett'st thy Heart upon,  
The River-gardens thy heaped treasure won,—  
All must thou leave; nor cares the heir one jot  
For all thy toil and thee, once thou art gone.

Though Kaikobad the Great thy sires begot,  
Or thou art beggar's spawn,—it matters not.  
The Potter molded from the same red clay  
And at his pleasure shatters every pot.

All to the one dark realm are we addrest;  
On every brow one fatal sign is prest;  
When nods the dark Ferrash, the caravan  
Moves to the dusty desert,—and we rest.

## EPILOGUE

*No rest we find on swift Homeric seas,  
No peace where Vergil yearns, no hope where moan  
The Argive choruses for kings o'erthrown  
In fated strife with fate. O Sophocles,  
O Dante, writhing in white agonies,  
Your cups of anguish must we make our own?  
O Milton, cease thy thunderous antiphone.  
Ye bring us pain; who can afford us ease?*

*Comes the enchanter with Digentian wand,  
Not with a soul apart nor bosom steeled;  
He smiled upon the world, and smiling, healed;  
Singing to his companions, few and fond,  
Familiar joys of fireside and of field—  
Ah me, that men should seek for aught beyond!*

## INDEX OF ODES

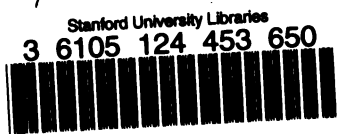
I.	1.	Maecenas atavis .....	41
	5.	Quis multa gracilis .....	19, 67
	6.	Scriberis Vario .....	84
	7.	Laudabunt alii .....	66
	8.	Lydia, dic .....	26
	9.	Vides ut alta .....	45
	11.	Tu ne quaesieris .....	16
	13.	Cum tu, Lydia .....	27
	14.	O navis .....	88
	20.	Vile potabis .....	40
	21.	Dianam tenerae .....	55
	22.	Integer vitae .....	17
	23.	Vitas hinnuleo .....	24, 79, 92
	24.	Quis desiderio .....	94
	27.	Natis in usum .....	47
	29.	Icci, beatiss .....	61
	31.	Quid dedicatum .....	57
	33.	Albi, ne doleas .....	29
	37.	Nunc est bibendum .....	63
	38.	Persicos odi .....	65
II.	3.	Aequam memento .....	98
	6.	Septimi, Gadis .....	96
	14.	Eheu fugaces .....	43, 90
	20.	Non Usitata .....	86
III.	9.	Donec gratus eram .....	22
	13.	O fons Bandusiae .....	56
	18.	Faune, nympharum .....	54
	22.	Montium custos .....	51
	23.	Caelo supinas .....	82
	26.	Vixi puellis .....	25, 80
	28.	Festo quid potius .....	52
IV.	3.	Quem tu, Melpomene .....	49
	8.	Donarem pateras .....	76
	13.	Audivere, Lyce .....	31











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